

# Achilles

*by The Frustrated Witch*

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## Achilles

*Chapter 1 of 1*

I've always liked Achilles. I imagined myself as his lover in this piece.

Erase that smug on your face.  
You need not to pretend, I know  
you are strong and I will always be  
the weakling that you will carry.  
As you wash the blood on your hands.  
I could almost taste its metallic  
bitterness where you often plunge while I  
watch in melancholic fascination.  
Achilles, lay with me tonight.  
I yearn to touch those calloused hands  
and untangle your flaxen strands...  
The only help I could offer.  
At passions' height I sense your weakness,  
your need, your ache, your hunger.  
I hold your heel.  
  
*Erase that smug on your face.*